Recognition

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Recognition

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Summary

The video was simple, a man sat in a high-back chair with his legs spread and his hand between them. He had a magnificent cock, uncut, red, thick. Will loved that cock. He worshipped it in his mind. And watching it now, Will groaned in pleasure, sinking deeper into the bed with his own hand stroking himself.

Will has a certain porn actor he's a fan of. He's never seen his face, but he knows every breath and groan and whimper he makes. When he meets Dr. Lecter, a consultant on the Shrike case, Will doesn't find him particularly interesting until in the midst of saving a life, he hears the same sighs and hums he's pleasured himself to coming from the doctor next to him.

Notes

Another goooorgeous kinkmeme prompt :D

See the end of the work for more notes

Stress.

It was always stress that drove Will to this, which was a pity. It didn't start that way. It started one night because Will was horny and he had an internet connection. It started because he was lonely. It started because he hadn't had another man in his bed for months.

It started with a video.

Now, stress and exhaustion led him to seek that video out again. It was like seeing an old friend. It made Will feel *good* , and he hadn't felt that for a long time.

The video was simple, a man sat in a high-back chair with his legs spread and his hand between them. He had a magnificent cock, uncut, red, thick. Will loved that cock. He worshipped it in his mind. And watching it now, Will groaned in pleasure, sinking deeper into the bed with his own hand stroking himself.

The things he would do, given the chance. The man's fingers toyed with the head of his cock, pulling back the foreskin to reveal the slick tip. A bead of fluid slipped from the slit, and Will could *taste* it, bitter and perfect on his tongue.

The man had dozens of videos. Will could picture the man when he closed his eyes, now, in vivid detail, touching, shifting above or beneath Will.

Loneliness was a splash of heat over his fist, matching groans from both him and the man before him. Will felt dissatisfaction and shame creep over him as he slammed his laptop shut.

Every time, he told himself he was done. This was pathetic.

He was never done.

The next time stress overtook him, Will would be back, shuffling through the site for something new, something to whet his appetite for this stranger. Every time the man uploaded a video, Will devoured it with a hunger that was embarrassing.

He knew him by his chest, by the light scars over his knuckles, by his gorgeous cock, by the way his voice broke when he came, though he never said anything. Will didn't need him to. His imagination took the timbre of his voice, the hum that echoed in the chambers of his ribs, and gave voice to him. Moans and whispers, a coarse, scratching tug of voice pulling Will's name into multiple syllables.

Will slapped the laptop closed again.

He lasted two days before searching the man's page once more.

He had a new video, one where not only his hands but also a dildo brought him to orgasm, and Will damn near gave himself an aneurysm when he came with how turned on he was.

Now Will's thoughts had a new avenue to explore: not only being fucked by this man, but also fucking him. Legs spread wide, knees up against his shoulders, Will shoving in deep, hard, quick, over and over and over and -

"Will."

"Jack." Will set his pen with a snap to the desk and rubbed his eyes.

"My office if you have a minute. I have someone I want you to meet."

It took Will a moment to recalibrate himself back to the now. To the FBI. To the Minnesota Shrike case spilled across his desk and the "new consultant" Jack had brought in, highly recommended.

"That may require me to be social," Will muttered.

"Get your ass to the office, Graham."

The consultant turned out to be a doctor. A psychiatrist, in fact, with a pleasant, amused smile that grated at all of Will's edges. He was used to people looking at him, clawing at his skull to see what was inside.

Hannibal Lecter had a deep voice, rough and thickly accented. It was the kind of voice that made Will shudder, that tugged hooks into his skin.

But none of that overwrote the anger of being looked at, of being analyzed for faults and cracks.

When they headed out to Minnesota, Will brought his laptop. Alone in his motel room, he searched his favorite site.

The man had uploaded something new, spread out on crisp white cotton sheets, as opposed to the usual dark silk ones. He always kept his head just out of frame, but this time, the camera was set up to display the long bow of his back, the slick stretch of his entrance around an electric blue dildo. The size of it made Will's mouth water.

Will watched the video through thrice. Twice just to take in the beauty of the man on screen, the way his muscles tensed, how he shuddered in pleasure, how elegantly he worked the toy into himself and filled himself up. The third time, Will set the laptop to the bed beside, him, head turned to the side, and fingered himself as he imagined the glorious specimen of a human being laying just beside him instead of worlds and pixels away.

The next morning, Will was dragged from sleep by a knock on the door and opened it to find the unfairly handsome psychiatrist there with an offering of breakfast.

It smelled too good for Will to send him away, so he didn't.

But he made it clear that he did not care for friendship, that he found the doctor far from interesting.

In truth, the man wasn't particularly invasive. He and Will held civil conversation, spoke of the case, shared a vehicle and the mundane minutiae of researching a case through files and files of paperwork.

Another evening in bed, and Will exhausted himself with the same video as the night before, but this time he filled in whispered words in an accented voice and made himself come twice before laying back to doze. He took a cold shower and bundled himself up in the cheap hotel sheets and slept like the dead.

He dreamed of large hands and firm thighs, imagined himself on all fours being *pounded* into until his voice pulled hoarse. When Hannibal Lecter greeted him in the morning, Will could barely look at him. It didn't matter. Once the case was over, he would return to lecturing and the doctor to his practice, and they would never again meet except in the depths of Will's filthy imagination.

Realization struck at the most inopportune time, as always. Will's hands slipping over a girl's severed throat trying to keep her alive until Hannibal knelt beside him with a quiet groan and pressed his hands atop to help.

And Will knew that groan. He knew it as well as the sound of his own voice.

It pulled his focus, stopped him in his tracks. For a half second, he gaped at Hannibal, slack jawed.

But Abigail Hobbs' life was slipping through his fingers. Will's sex life and terrible judgement could both be dealt with later.

'Later' took several long days to arrive, but eventually, work caught up to Will and he finally had to drop or risk passing out. He flopped into his bed, staring at the ceiling, stress rushing through him like a river that had flooded, wearing out his banks.

He knew what would make him feel better, of course, but that was out of the question. Bad enough that he'd been jacking off to the body of the psychiatrist assigned to unscramble his brain (And a small, judgemental part of Will wondered why Hannibal was making these videos in the first place). He didn't need to *keep doing it* now that he knew.

But stress was a killer. It built behind his brow and between his eyes, sharpened by lights and sound.

Just once. Just one more for the road, one more to kick the habit. Will reached for his laptop and wrapped a hand around his cock.

He teased himself with some of the earlier videos, just enjoying the familiar sight, the familiar tingling sensation in the pit of his stomach that spoke to an oncoming orgasm that he staved off. He bit his lip replaying the video with the dildo, knowing now that Hannibal was most likely *in his motel room* filming it, the night Will watched it and jerked off.

It shouldn't have been hot.

It shouldn't have made Will curse and squeeze hard around his balls to keep himself from coming.

It shouldn't have, but it did.

Will pressed his fingers to his eyes, the video playing in the background and providing a blissful white noise of gasps and groans, and stroked himself brutally. He thought of Hannibal's hands, strong and almost always covered to the wrist by his impeccable shirts and suits. He thought of the way the man would tilt his head when he looked at Will, the way he smiled without smiling at all.

He was infuriating.

He was unwelcome in Will's mind, displacing this perverse and delicious vice of his.

His voice curling around Will's name as Will recalled their first appointment together made Will arch off the bed, coming with a grunt as he painted his chest and stomach with spurts of white.

At their next appointment, Will avoided Hannibal's gaze with laser focus. He paced the office, touching things, picking them up and putting them down again, imagining Hannibal doing the same when he was alone, after, following Will's footsteps like a bloodhound on a trail.

God, this was painfully inappropriate.

He answered all of Hannibal's questions with steely resolve, he brushed off those he refused to answer with sarcasm and disdain. He nearly jumped out of his skin when, as he regarded a heavy buck statue on a side table, the doctor came up behind him and *smelled him* .

Hannibal didn't try to look ashamed of it, either. Rather, he continued to look pleased and vaguely smug, as he often did. Will hated the expression, or told himself he did. Told himself it didn't stretch the doctor's voice into pleasing timbres.

The problem with Hannibal standing close enough to smell him, was that Will could smell him too. Something mild to mix with his own natural scent, something that Will would now recognize with startling clarity whenever he caught a whiff of it.

Will's fantasies developed another dimension. Now, when he found himself bombarded with thoughts of hands in his hair, guiding him between soft thighs, it was accompanied with that scent. Stronger, muskier, but still the hint of sandalwood. Still the air of professionalism even when Will was taking him apart.

It was an obsession. Will felt perverse, depraved. He felt like the sort of creature he categorized for work, prowling through Hannibal's videos with more attention than he paid to anything else, lately.

Here was the motel they'd traveled to for work. This was likely Hannibal's bedroom. *That* was definitely the chaise lounge in Hannibal's office, and god, Will was never going to be

able to look at it *ever* again.

Hannibal's skin against the blue cushions, Hannibal's hand around his cock, thumbing the purpling head. Will couldn't look away.

A week later, another video. One posted, if not filmed, the evening after Will's appointment with Hannibal. The thought shuddered down Will's spine so severely he had to catch himself against the mattress.

No, this had to be the last of it. This had to be the end because otherwise Will was going to quite literally go insane any time they were in the same room together and he already had far from a great track record for 'sanity' in the department.

So he'd stop. He would. After this video, he would delete the browser history, force himself not to look up Hannibal's videos again, and move on.

This video started mid-fingering, which was rare; Hannibal was known for drawing out his own pleasure and that of his audience with his videos, but this time he seemed as desperate as Will was now. Half-dressed, legs spread obscenely wide in his bed, Hannibal worked two, then three fingers into himself and Will nuzzled his face into the pillow and shoved a hand between his thighs to keep himself from coming.

When he pulled his fingers free, Will cursed, eyes closing so he didn't immediately come from the sight of Hannibal so stretched and slick. He opened them a moment later, when a toy replaced Hannibal's hand, and groaned as he worked it slowly into himself.

God. it would feel so good. So hot and tight if Will pushed into him just like this, holding Hannibal open, keeping their pace slow to draw the moment out, to make it last. He imagined Hannibal's breath hitching, just like that, imagined, ducking his head to suck against his throat, enough to leave a mark for later, enough that it would be seen above his fancy collars. He imagined Hannibal purring his name, as though in worship as though -

"Will,"

Will jerked upright, eyes on the video where the dildo was still slowly pushing between Hannibal's cheeks and into him. Surely Will's imagination hadn't pushed him to full on auditory hallucinations? Surely he still had some sense about him?

"God, Will," in that same voice, that broken, rough, deep voice mingled with the soft, brisk panting on screen. "Yes, like that."

Will's hand tightened around his cock. He watched, wide eyed, as Hannibal fucked himself. As he fucked himself to thoughts of *Will* , gasping his name like a prayer, flooding Will's home with sounds he'd never made before. His thighs quivered like they did when he was close- because of *course* , Will knew what it looked like when he was close- and that was all it took to pitch Will over his own precipice, coming fast and hard into the sheets.

When it was over, Will laid there, staring blankly at his laptop, image frozen on the final frame of the video. Hannibal. Hannibal thought about him. Hannibal *fantasized* about him,

and put it up on the internet for the world to see. For *Will* to see.

Will was up before he was quite aware of what was happening. He detoured only long enough to clean himself up and grab fresh clothes, and then he was out, stumbling through the snow to his car.

This was ridiculous. Stupid, even. Yet it could not be any more ridiculous than the pining Will had done up until now. He didn't know what he would say, didn't know what he *could* say, but he found himself at Hannibal's doorstep nonetheless.

"It's late," Hannibal noted, when he ushered Will into his entryway. "Are you alright, Will?"

Will . Hannibal wrapped his tongue around the consonants exactly as he had in the video, soft and wanting. Will ached for him, feeling wild and unmoored as he stared at Hannibal. He let his eyes take in the way his head tilted, how his hair lay softer over his forehead when it wasn't so severely combed back. He took in Hannibal's lips - *God* those lips - the way he was only slightly dressed down. Because he had filmed himself for Will, he had done it just an hour before, maybe less.

"How long?" Will asked, finding himself more breathless than he'd like to be. "How long've you known?"

"Not long," Hannibal admitted, though his tone had shifted to something softer, more secret, warmer. He closed and locked the front door. No misunderstanding between them, then. Good. "How long have you watched?"

"Months," Will breathed, and it hitched up against a moan before he could stop it, and then Will was stepping closer and grasping Hannibal's shirt knowing he'd wrinkle it, and he was kissing him, deep and deliberate and desperate.

Hannibal tasted like mint, freshly scrubbed clean, and Will wanted more of it. He cupped Hannibal's jaw, licking into his mouth with broad strokes of his tongue.

Hannibal kissed back, his hands cupping the curve at the base of Will's spine, drawing him close until the lines of their bodies met. Will felt a hardness building against his own, and moaned. Hannibal might still be thrumming with the remnants of arousal. Might still be open and *wet* from the lube, ready for Will to slip inside.

"I want you," Will told him, his voice husky with need. "Upstairs, on those soft silk sheets. The navy ones."

"You're in luck," Hannibal murmured, nudging Will towards the stairs, "I just did the sheets this morning. In navy."

They made it to the bedroom in fumbling steps, hands grasping and searching. Will learned that if he set his teeth to the curve of Hannibal's jaw, he made the same soft noise he made at the first stretch of a finger. Will was shirtless by the time they tumbled into bed together, his pants hanging somewhere around his thighs as Hannibal worked a hand down the front of Will's briefs to cup him.

“Fuck,” Will pressed his forehead to Hannibal’s, turned against him as though nuzzling, and rocked up into his grip. “God, it was the best part of my day, coming home and watching you,” he admitted sheepishly. When Hannibal’s response was warm, amused, Will grinned, catching his hands in Hannibal’s hair and tugging, just enough to kiss over Hannibal’s throat, feeling him swallow.

“How are you so fucking patient?” Will groaned, as Hannibal slipped both hands into his underwear and guided them down Will’s legs.

“How are you?” Hannibal countered. He himself was similarly bared, Will persuasive in his impatience. Not that Hannibal needed much persuading. It took some squirming, a few more curses, warm laughter pressed to warmer lips before they were entirely naked, Will holding himself up on all fours over Hannibal.

“I’m not,” he told him. “Not anymore. Where’s your lube?”

“Second drawer,” Hannibal replied, amused, tilting his head up as Will moved to kiss under his chin again, teasing teeth over his skin. The sound he made vibrated through Will and he gasped against Hannibal as he fumbled blind for what he needed. Hannibal’s hands, in turn, sought over Will; against his shoulders, down his back, cupping his ass and squeezing until Will *growled* against him and Hannibal relented.

“Quite the breach of ethics,” Hannibal murmured, grinning when Will shot him a filthy look.

“Fuck ethics.”

“Ethics can wait.”

Hannibal's jokes were terrible. Will told himself this even as he pressed laughing kisses to Hannibal’s stuttering pulse, slicking his fingers with generous pumps of lube from the glass bottle.

Hannibal parted for him effortlessly, as if he’d been making space just for Will. He tilted his head back on a soft gasp, thighs spreading as Will set himself between them. He grazed his teeth along Hannibal’s skin, watching first one finger and then two disappear into Hannibal’s reddened entrance.

“How much can you take?” Will asked, sounding slightly awestruck. He’d seen some of the toys Hannibal played with. They made him ache just to look at, but he wanted to try them all with Hannibal.

“We’ll find out together,” Hannibal said, reaching for his shoulder. “Will, that’s enough.”

And it was. Hannibal’s body was willing beneath his, soft where Will touched and molded it, willing to bend however it was guided. Will hiked Hannibal’s knee up around his waist, lining himself up to the wet heat.

It felt better than any fantasy Will could have conjured, too real and too much, enough that he paused halfway in and pressed their foreheads together. “God, Hannibal.”

He was making those sounds, those soft breathy little panting sounds that Will had memorized from every video of his he'd ever watched. And he was tight around Will, hot, hands roaming Will's shoulders and back, legs curling to guide Will closer to him, deeper. Will caught one of Hannibal's hands and threaded their fingers together. When his hips met Hannibal's, he kissed him, deep and long, his moan mingling with Hannibal's between them.

"Fuck you feel so good," Will whispered, Hannibal's laugh didn't hold the weight it usually did, almost helpless with how pitched it was. He dropped his head back, welcoming Will's lips against his throat, over his collarbones, down to his chest. He bit his lip, tensed his muscles and moaned, needy, when Will shifted within him.

"Oh, Will," his cheeks had warmed with a flush Will had never seen on him before, lips parted and bitten red. He was gorgeous.

"Tell me," Will sighed against him, turning his head just enough to drag his tongue over a peaked nipple, teasing it with his lips after. "Tell me what you want."

"Move," Hannibal groaned. "Move, Will, please, let me feel you."

Will pulled back, mouthing over Hannibal's chest, and slid into him again, a fluid snap that pulled a moan from them both.

He'd wanted this. He'd craved it. Will took in lungfuls of Hannibal's scent, sucking greedy bruises into his throat as he moved.

Hannibal took each thrust with the soft sounds Will had been hearing in his dreams for months. Will took his hips in his hands, holding tight as he shoved forward, creating a space for himself inside Hannibal's body.

"Touch yourself," Will demanded. "Show me, show me again what you do when you think of me."

Hannibal's hand slipped down between their bodies, wrapping around his flushed and leaking cock. He groaned into a kiss, nipping at Will's lips as he teased and tugged at the length, pulling back the foreskin to reveal the tip, red and damp.

"Make yourself come," Will pleaded. "I want to see it up close."

"Will -"

"Come for me," Will groaned, sitting up and back, thrusting harder into Hannibal, head ducked so he could watch. He watched familiar fingers curl around that glorious cock, he watched Hannibal start to stroke himself faster, watched precome leak over his fingers.

"Will," Hannibal's voice pulled taut like a string, his gasp snapping the last of his resolve as he came, thick and hard over himself while Will was buried deep in his ass, instead of a toy.

And God if that wasn't the hottest thing Will had ever seen. Or felt. Or tasted, as Will bent to draw his tongue through the mess and shove himself deeper into the willing body beneath him.

This was better than even his hottest fantasies. This was better than any amount of time Will spent with his own hand between his legs. This was *bliss* plain and simple. As Hannibal shuddered under him, Will whimpered his name and came, hard, catching a hand in Hannibal's hair and smearing a kiss against his cheek.

They lay pressed together after, trembling and slick with sweat and semen. Neither wanted to move, but Hannibal recovered a little quicker. Heavy hands slipped through Will's hair, a hum purred through his chest as Will nuzzled against Hannibal's shoulder. It took several moments more before Will had the wherewithal to pull out and lay against Hannibal in a heavy sprawl.

"Fuck," Will groaned, his laugh pulling warm right after. He crossed his arms and set his chin against them and looked at Hannibal through sleepy eyes. "I'm sure this violates some sort of doctor patient thing."

"My job as your psychotherapist is to help you get to the core of the things that upset you, and guide you to find relief." Hannibal reasoned. Will snorted.

"It upsets me that you have a whole box of toys somewhere that I haven't used, how will you relieve me of that stress?"

Hannibal smiled. "I had begun to think I would need to buy some new supplies before your patience finally snapped."

Will tucked a groan into Hannibal's shoulder. "Buy them anyway. We can make some new videos together."

End Notes

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